

you're dead by Reblomakr

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bombs, Drabble, Guns, M/M, Mentions of rough sex, Non-Graphic Violence, Period-Typical Homophobia, billy's smart charismatic and violent, my love tho, the perfect little psychopath

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Companion piece to 'bang bang'

Steve's perspective in the probably-at-least-slightly-dysfunctional relationship he has with Billy Hargrove

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Author's Note:

I do not check my drabbles for mistakes so..y'know

Billy is affectionate in a way that's not easy to realize. He twists Steve's nipples when he thinks he's being annoying, he makes him eat a plate more food than usual whenever they share a meal. He shows him how to use a gun and proudly shares his bone-bleaching, animal-mutilating hobbies. He draws on Steve's neck with a permanent marker and pricks him with a needle and licks at the blood that rushes out for a brief moment. It takes a few weeks before Steve realizes that it's Billy's way of being loving.

He begins to appreciate them all the more. When Billy kisses him with dog brain in his curly hair, Steve kisses back and drives him to his place so he can take a shower in peace. He burns some food in attempts to pack Billy lunch, since his dad refuses to pay for it and Billy doesn't have a part-time job or anything to help him. He gives Billy money for gas and Billy drives him around. He sucks Billy's dick when they watch TV together in the living room. He embraces him back even when there's black powder covering Billy's hands and they leave horrible stains on his clothes. He doesn't wither or flinch when Billy shoots his guns or insists on lighting something on fire. Steve just watches with him, happy to share in the moments that Billy doesn't share with everyone.

And Billy's supposed to go to Harvard in the autumn. Steve's trying to find a job and place to live somewhere nearby, desperate to stay close. His dad's willing to help if Steve can't find anything that pays more than minimum wage. Billy will have to stay on campus while he's a freshman, but afterwards he could move in with Steve and they could live together. Steve dreams about waking up every morning in the same bed as Billy and dealing with the young man's dozen-and-some guns and thousands of rounds of ammo. It's an amazing thing to imagine.

"Full ride, eh?" Mr. Harrington questions Billy.

“Academic scholarship, sir.” Billy says, hand underneath the table and grasping Steve’s thigh. Fingers are inching forward, itching to play with Steve’s zipper and to see how far he could get before it became too risky.

Steve’s dad loves Billy and probably wishes Steve was more like him. In his parents’ quiet way, they probably know that Billy and Steve are queer. They approve, they must, because they don’t appear to be angry at all. They seem to like Billy more than they liked Nancy.

Sweet Nancy, who was so different to Billy Hargrove. She was different from a lot of girls, in Steve’s eyes at least, but she was the opposite of Billy. Her hard work in school was out of her ambition and motivation to do something with her life. Billy’s was because his dad demanded so much from him. She was gentle and let Steve take control whenever he wanted. Billy liked blood and bruises way too much and if Steve tried to take control, he’d laugh in his face before fucking him without any lubricant.

She disapproved of Billy. She thought Billy was a bad influence on Steve. In her eyes, Steve was just too desperate for friendship and the only person outside of Those Who Knew (about the Upside Down) willing to offer it. She, nor any of the kids or Jonathon or any of the adults involved, knew about Billy’s importance in Steve’s life. They knew, on some level, that Billy was messed up. No normal person had so many weapons, including explosives capable of taking out monsters spawned from another dimension.

Everyone, including Nancy, though the scratches on Steve’s arms and the occasional bruise on his face came from fights. Truth was, Billy liked hurting Steve and he likes leaving behind marks that didn’t seem sexual but certainly were to him. A good, hard slap left a bruise on his jaw and a knife left chicken-scratch lines down his forearms. They’d be worshipped until they faded. Often, though, they’d be renewed. No one could understand the purpose even if they knew the story.

Author's Note:

can I say... I don't know why exactly I wrote this. But I wanted to add onto the 'bang bang' drabble since I

love portraying characters that I love in their worst possible form. Billy's easy to push into that! He's already close to it, add in neglectful parents, abuse, and maybe some genetic predisposition...perfect recipe for the perfect violent offender :D